

Thanksgiving Number

*The
Student's
Pen*

Pittsfield High School

NOVEMBER



Nineteen Twenty-One

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1921 Nov



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"CHRISTMAS"

"Christmas is for the children"—how often we hear some grown person say this. Yes, it is for the children—but, it's for big children, too—for grown folks who have been smart enough to never grow up!

For who would be without the magic exhilaration that the smell of candle-warmed pine can give, the thrill that the glimmer of wee winking candles can send into a responsive heart—the warm inner glow that lights a laughter spark, when merry cascades of children's laughter came tinkling down to meet yours? And so Christmas is for the little Ruggles children, 'tis true—for the Tiny Tims of the world—for your neighbor—but, important too, for you.



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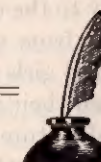
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EDITORIALS

The Increase of Entering Pupils

The entering class of freshmen is the largest in the history of the school. This building, built to accommodate six hundred pupils is at present accommodating seven hundred sixty, bearing out the old adage, "There is always room for more." Seats in the auditorium have been removed and chairs equipped with a wide arm and a space for holding school supplies, have been installed. An old bicycle room in the basement has been transformed into a classroom. The faculty has been increased, and several new subjects are being taught. All these changes are due to the great increase in the number of new students.

Every year the number of entering pupils grows, but the enormous increase this year has a certain significance. The meaning is that, people are rapidly getting over the idea, that as soon as a boy or girl is fourteen he or she must be put to work. People are beginning to realize that a little more school training for their children will be a great benefit not only to the children but to themselves later on.

Boys and girls whose parents came from many lands are being sent to school to receive the same training as boys and girls whose parents are American born. These boys and girls, naturally will tell their parents about their school life and training, and about the lessons that all future citizens must learn. The parents then will be aided in Americanization indirectly through their children. The results will be that illiteracy will decline, and the moral standards of other countries will be brought up to those of America. Future citizens will use their influence among their friends who haven't been so fortunate as to receive an education in the American public schools. The schools in a way are small governments, under one head and many subordinates. There the students intermingle with each other, mutually breaking or keeping the same rules and restrictions, regardless of color, sect or class. The spirit of democracy becomes more deep-rooted, and when a surface coat of foreign ideas is scraped off, pure Americanism is revealed.

J. Boyd Hamilton

"Come On, Hurry Up There. What's the Delay?"

Such are the shouts heard in the lunch room at noon, as the students line up at the lunch counter. What is the delay? It is at the other end of the line where those, who have bought their lunch, are waiting for their change.

How to do away with this delay? It is a very simple matter; if one stops to think of it. Why not have a cashier's desk in the room? Those who have not the exact change or those who have bills could go there to have them changed. Then, if each one has the correct amount all this delay in the line at the counter could be done away with.

Robert P. Parker '22

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving! Instantly into our minds pops the thoughts of delicious eatables and enjoyable good times that are associated with the day. So it has been through the years since the Pilgrims started the custom with their plainest of plain food. But so it ought to be. There is not a person living with a bit of red blood in his or her veins that does not look forward to and anticipate future pleasures. That is human nature, and any one not possessing these traits is looked upon as a morose, crabbed, freakish sort of individual. At the same time, however, we should endeavor to get the idea back of all this. What prompted those quaint Pilgrims to celebrate the First Thanksgiving? Why do we now? The Pilgrims originated the custom as a means of evincing their gratitude to the Almighty One for the manner in which they overcome the obstacles in their path. Now, as then, there is reason for this gala holiday. We are exhibiting our thanks for the various things that we have encountered during the year. At the same time we are thoroughly enjoying ourselves and celebrating the victories we have gained through the preceding year.

Roy P. Hubbell

China

Since 1912, China has lost half of its territory. Tibet, Mongolia, and Turkestan have broken away. The rest of the country is in chaos. China proper is divided into about forty provinces, each with a governor who is independent of any central authority. Each province has its own standing army. At Peking there is the Federal Government, supported by Japan, at Canton the Constitutional Government supported by the educated Chinese. The result is constant civil strife and outlawry. China was more prosperous under the Empire.

New Countries

The average citizen has mastered the names and the location of such countries as Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia. Now he finds a new batch to become acquainted with. There are the Kingdoms of Bokora, Kiva, and Assiria, as well as the Republic of Astrakan, Mongolia, and the Far East. Can you locate them?

Charles of Austria

Napoleon, born in obscurity erected one of the greatest empires of history. Defeated and exiled, he escaped and resurrected France. In three months he rebuilt his empire and again threatened Europe. He was crushed at Waterloo after a glorious fight.

Charles Hapsburg was born in the oldest and most illustrious family of Europe. He inherited the Empire of Austria and the Kingdom of Hungary, which in 1918 he gave up without a fight. Last month he returned from exile in Switzerland and tried to rally the Hungarians to his standard. His own People arose against him. Almost without a fight he was taken and turned over to the British to be taken to Maderia in the Azores.

Napoleon at St. Helena and Charles at Maderia, how different a picture. Yet how alike. Both tried to build on the backs of the people and both failed.

The Central American Confederation

After almost a century of independence three of the Central American states are again united. Guatamala, a tropic wilderness, Salvador, a prosperous farming republic, and Honduras, a bankrupt banana plantation, have formed a federal union. Because the American occupation assures peace Nicaragua has kept aloof.

Premier Hara

The assassination of Premier Hara of Japan was a disaster for the world. Hara was the first Premier to represent the people. He was a friend of America and he bitterly opposed militarism at home. As long as Hara was in power we were sure of peace.

The American Legion Convention

American Legion delegates have been recently assembled at Kansas City to elect a new head for their organization. Among other things they passed numerous resolutions demanding reforms. The government will doubtless take notice of the expressions of opinion.

Congress for Limitation of Armaments

The day, Nov. 11, that this paper goes to press is the most important date in modern history. It marks the gathering at Washington of a group of men to take the first steps to end war. The Congress must do something. The Japanese delegates say that they dare not go home without accomplishing their purpose. Public opinion demands sweeping changes. The governments are cautious. If the interest of the peoples dies down the delegates will go home happily, having said much and done little. If the public keeps awake and lets the Congress know that it is awake we may be sure of peace in the years to come.

C. K. Shipton, P. G.

The Hope of the World

It seems as only yesterday
A thrill of gladness ran world-wide;
The war was over, Mars dethroned;
"On earth, goodwill to all", men cried.
Sweet peace, and liberty would reign
Death-breeding wars and strife must cease;
But since that time three years have gone
And still the world is far from peace.

The war was fought for noble ends.
Men bled and suffered, hosts were slain;
Shall their ideals be lost, by us?
Must these brave hearts have died in vain?

Grant us, O Father, King of Peace
That visions of a Paradise
Of calm on earth be not denied,
God of all hosts, All Blest—All Wise!

E. Huntress



The First Thanksgiving Day of New England

One day in late November the little Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth bustled about in unusual excitement. The cause was the proclamation by Governor Bradford that the coming Thursday would be the beginning of a period of holiday and feasting for the mercies God had bestowed upon them.

Accordingly, the following morning saw the commencement of the preparation for the event. A small party of sturdy men, set out for a two-days' sojourn in the woods to hunt game. Their wives with the other women of the colony busied themselves with the baking of all manner of tasty cakes, of plum-porridge, and of bread; while a messenger was despatched from the settlement to invite the friendly "Massasoit," his brother Quadequina, and a fitting escort, to the feast.

The Indians accepted graciously. So, at sunrise on the appointed day, they announced their arrival by a dreadful whoop and a series of blood-curdling yells. Early as was the hour the portly Miles Standish, and the kindly Bradford were ready to receive them.

The village soon awoke from its slumbers. In a short time a glowing fire for cooking purposes had been kindled in the open air. At a later interval, a loud roll of the drum announced morning prayers.

The Pilgrims, one and all knelt down solemnly. With their faces turned toward the golden morning sun, they worshipped the compassionate Creator. The Indians, in little groups stood reverently around, watching the Pilgrims curiously.

Then breakfast was served. Out-of-doors a long table for the men had been placed. Its surface was almost covered with huge wooden bowls, filled with a mixture known to us as hasty pudding. This was to be eaten with butter and treacle. Other bowls contained steaming clam chowder. Large plates of cold boiled beef with mustard and dishes of turnips also graced the board.

In the Common House, "more delicate food" for the women and children, had been prepared. An especially salient dish was the plum porridge with its "bits of floating toasted crackers."

Quadequina, the brother of Massasoit, however, furnished a greater treat than this. With satisfied countenance, at the close of the feast, he made a sign to his dusky attendants. These immediately approached, bearing large baskets on their heads. When the baskets were put down, the curious Pilgrims found that they contained popped corn (then almost unknown to the colony).

After grace had been said, everyone gathered near a roaring fire, (kindled not for warmth but to produce a more festive atmosphere), in the northern part of the village. Here some military feats under the direction of Captain Miles Standish were to take place. Soon a "wild blare of trumpets and a roll of drums" announced the approach of the latter and his men. Nineteen in all they marched bearing the flag of Old England proudly from the Fort toward the group.

They looked so determined that they alarmed the wary Quadequina and many of his followers, who feared a trap. Their anxiety increased with the frequent discharges of musketry and tremendous roar of the cannon at the fort. Finally, to the amusement of the settlers, the uneasy Quadequina, wishing to leave the dangerous vicinity offered to lead a band of his men to procure deer for the Pilgrims. "Then, as since, that score of resolute souls struck terror into the hearts of five times their number."

So, the feast went on for three days. On the third it was brought to a close with a "state dinner." The Indians had brought in oysters from Wareham. These were mixed with biscuit crumbs, spices and wine. They were roasted in the ashes and some were placed, shells and all, at every man's place at the table.

Also, there were venison pasties in abundance. An odoriferous stew of birds, with sweet barley dumplings was enjoyed by all. Roasts of various kinds, thin cakes of bread, bowls of salad, decked with brilliant autumn leaves graced the board. Here and there were baskets of white and purple grapes and luscious native plums. Flagons of ale, the first native brewing of the house-wives, added considerable zest to the meal.

At last it ended. So likewise closed the period of Thanksgiving. The Indians, bidden a "cordial and almost affectionate farewell by the governor" took leave of friendly Plymouth, which soon sank back into its ordinary routine.

Anna M. Cain, '22

Sam's Strategy

For six years Sam had provided a turkey for his family on Thanksgiving. He managed every November to get together five or six dollars to purchase one at the village market. Never since his marriage had he resorted to the barnyard-in-the-night means of turkey providing. But this year he was almost penniless, and it was already the twenty-first. Sam had rather pleasant recollections of creeping thru poultry yards on dark nights, a slight flutter of feathers, a muffled squawk and a fine fowl for Thanksgiving. True, there were other things to be had for that glorious day. Meat or a small chicken could be met by Sam's resources, but there was nothing quite so tempting as a big, plump turkey. Sam had decided.—He would steal one.

Since Sam had resolved to get a bird in this manner, he turned over in his mind the places where one might be found. There was Wilson's Farm on the outskirts of the village. This place had one drawback. At night a large and watchful bulldog presided over the premises. Sam decided to eliminate Wilson's place.

Several other men in town owned turkeys, but on considering their poultry yards, Sam found that each one had some obstacle that prevented him from making a safe escape with the much-wished for turkey. Ah! There was old Riley's place. No dog! An easily accessible chicken house. Everything seemed favorable.

Early on Wednesday night a dark form paused near a rickety, high board fence beside the Riley residence. After glancing from left to right in the darkness, the figure crept thru a wide slit in the fence and cautiously approached the henhouse. With a slight click the door opened and the man disappeared inside. Presently a loud squawk issued from the building, followed by the excited cackles of some half a dozen hens. The figure reappeared, muffling in his coat, as best he could, the cackles of something large and lively. A voice from the house shouted at him but the form with the stolen turkey paid no heed.

"Bang!" Buckshot rattled about the yard and against the henhouse. The man dropped his burden, cleared the fence, and disappeared.

The next morning Sam arose early, groaning from a pain in his shoulder. He dressed hurriedly and came down into the crisp November air. It was Thanksgiving morning and—no turkey. The man strolled down thru the empty streets to the southern border of the village. In front of the minister's house, he paused, attracted by something back of the residence. In the yard were many chickens, ducks, and geese that had arisen early, as feathered folk do, to enjoy the cool air of the autumn day. But these fowls did not interest Sam at all. His gaze centered upon a large, plump bird, that strutted on the outskirts of the group. It was the turkey of his dreams.

After assuring himself that he was unobserved, he cautiously approached the prize. The gobble scratched here and there in the dirt, wholly unaware of the advancing danger. Nearer and nearer crept Sam. One more step and he would have the bird. He could taste already the roasted fowl, and his mouth watered. He paused behind a large pile of wood, ready for the last spring, when all at once he was made alert by a sound a little ways off. Around the corner of the barn a man appeared holding in his hand a hammer and nails, and under one arm a large placard bearing this notice: "Wanted, a man to saw wood, must finish a load by noon. \$5.00 to the first bidder."

Sam straightened up and removed his cap. The much-prized turkey ran around the corner, unnoticed.

"Good mawnin, Mistah Lewis," he said, as the minister saw him. "Ah come to see about de wood, sah."

"Why, good morning, Sam," was the Rector's greeting, "You have just saved me the trouble of nailing up this sign. I wanted very much to have this sawed today as my wife and I are leaving town this afternoon for a visit to the city. When will you start in? After breakfast?"

"Ah'll start right now, sah."

Sam never worked as he worked that morning. It was rather a cool day, but he soon shed his coat and vest. The pain of buck-shot imbedded in his shoulder was forgotten.

At eleven o'clock, Sam entered his house, to be greeted by his wife. Under his arm was a large, plump turkey, picked and dressed.

"What yo' got dere, Sam Johnson, a tu'key?"

"Sho, Mandy, ob co'se Ah've got a tu'key. Habn't Ah pervided one ebery Thanksgiving since we'se been married?"

Sherman Beers.

Jimmy's Thanksgiving

A thick and heavy cloud of dust hung over Centerville. This was all that was left undamaged in the wake of Jimmy and his 4-cylinder Hampton Speedster.

"Hello! hello! operator! operator! hello, that you operator? Git me Milton, the Sheriff's office, yes, quick." The Centerville Sheriff was evidently greatly excited.

"Hello, that you Al? One o' those city folks jus' went by with a yaller auter-mobile, an tuk Ma Gregory's henhouse off its foundation, an' killed about fifty of her hens an' all her geese but one, which was lame and was in the kitchen, an' he run into the——"

"Yep, I know the feller you mean," broke in Milton's police force. "He jus' went by and tuk Clem Hathaway's front piazza with 'im, an' he killed Cy's ol pig; and Jake's dog, Tim, tried to bite off one of the wheels an' got killed in the attempt. I jus' called up Sheriff Thompson of Pompton an' I tole 'im to keep a fool with a yaller car till we get there in the mornin', and I wrote the Judge a telegram to be present tomorrow. I'm drawing up a list o' damages done here to take to the trial and I advise you to do the same."

"I've got it all down in my head but I'll write it down, an' I'm going to write down all the damages I can find. Goodbye, I'll see you at the trial, won't I?"

"You bet, I'll be there. Goodbye."

"Whoops!" says Jimmy, "I certainly made those hicks jump. I must 'ave killed enough fowl to make 'em celebrate ten Thanksgivings. Gee! but I'll have some laugh for the boys when I get back."

Little did Jimmy think that the laugh was to be on him, and little did he suspect that Pompton was expecting him and was preparing for his arrival. Sheriff Thompson rounded up several of the town's lounge orators, and placed across Main Street a row of ties, four in width.

"That'll stop 'im, eh boys? I reckon so anyway. Come on let's sit down and wait for the comet that's to come."

Catching sight of Pompton, Jimmy stepped on the gas and tore into Pompton like a real comet! Right into the barricade of ties he went. The car stopped with a roar and Jimmy was hurled onto the Post Office porch where the Pompton delegation was waiting for him.

"Well, well, here you are an' we didn't have to go out an' fetch yer,—you came to us. Well, git yourself up and foller me, an' I'll show yuh your room where you're to spend the night.—An' that'll be the jail," he added as an after-thought.

But Jimmy did not answer; just then he was taking a "Visit to the Stars." He had just entered Mars and was being led to the King, when, a gay fellow with lightning leaping from the brim of his hat, poked Jimmy in the side, sending an electric shock thru him. The poke was really a kick dealt by the sheriff.

Jimmy awoke, the curtain of stars slowly rising from his vision. He stared at the crowd, and then, grasping his side, he gasped, "Where am I?"

"In heaven, my boy, and you'll soon be in jail. Come on, foller me, an' I'll show you the way. Your Pop'll have some bill to settle."

Holy, gee whiz! I'm pinched," realized Jimmy. He raised himself painfully and limped after the sheriff amid the cheers of the town's population.

Jimmy spent a painful night, for every bone in his body ached.

The next day the inhabitants of the towns met at the trial and the Sheriffs from each town presented a bill of damages all of which were sent to Jimmy's father, with a note of explanation why Jimmy would not return home for seven days.

A telegram with a check for full damages, a note of appreciation for the good judgment given by the Justice of Peace, and congratulations to the Sheriffs arrived within six hours.

The day before Thanksgiving all the housewives of Pompton prepared "Ma" Gregory's fowls for the coming feast, and on Thanksgiving Day, Pompton, Milton and Centerville held a feast, never equalled since the first, held by the Indians and the settlers of Massachusetts.

"Napoleon," having found his "Waterloo" returned home, resolved never to attempt the conquest of hick towns again.

Frank Correale, '22.

The Train-Band Captain

A military uniform has always had a fascination for a girl; so it was not strange that Faith Kenyon, daughter of the aristocratic old counselor, though she was, should happen to be by the brook, when Captain Robert Mason of the Boston Train-Band came along.

Mason dropped to the ground with a sigh of relief. Wearily he removed his steel cap and ducked his head in the stream.

"It must be very hot on guard at the Court House," said the girl sympathetically.

"I don't mind the heat so much as the speeches," said the Captain with a grin. "Even if it did rain it wouldn't help the crops—while the General Court is talking. If I didn't have to keep the train-band awake, I'd go to sleep myself."

From the town there came the roll of a drum. Mason slipped on his cap and fumbled with the worn chin strap.

"I am afraid there will be trouble, Mistress Faith," he said with boyish awkwardness, "if the Governor and your father quarrel with the General Court again."

"I trust not—good luck," said the girl softly, as they started toward the town by different paths.

Within an hour Boston was in an uproar. Governor Winthrop, backed by the Council, had dissolved the rebellious General Court. The members of the assembly had seized the Court House, and there defied the Governor and his staff.

The Governor stormed back and forth.

"Captain Mason."

The leader of the train-band stepped forward.

"Order your men to rush the door."

For an instant, the Captain hesitated, then he dropped helmet and sword to the ground.

He turned to his men.

"Throw away your arms and go home."

Several of the band tossed their blunderbusses into the street and walked off. Most of the men remained in the ranks, wavering between Governor and Captain.

"Arrest Mason," yelled the Governor.

Several men stepped forward and seized the unresisting Captain. It was a matter of but a few minutes to place him in the rough log house that served as a gaol.

At nightfall the tumult died down.

But the Governor had not reckoned on the six foot leanness of Mason. When it had grown late, planting his back against the stone chimney, the Captain placed his feet against the topmost log of the wall. It took but one effort to dislodge the timber from its notch. He climbed out and crept thru the sleeping town. Rash hope overcame caution, and Mason made his way towards the house of Councilor Kenyon. The damp autumn cold struck thru his buff jerkin, almost making him regret the action that had driven him into exile.

As he stood for a moment looking at the dark house, a glimmer of bright metal attracted him. By the steps was the steel cap he had thrown away that afternoon in front of the Court House. Wondering, he picked it up. The old, worn chin strap and lining had been replaced with soft new leather, done with tiny, but hasty stitches. Mason forgot the cold as he strode into the woods. The rebellion was worth while after all.

It was a year later that Mason, Captain of the Hartford train-band was returning from drill. As he sat down by the doorstep of his new home, he yanked off his steel cap. The lining gave way and a bit of paper fell to the ground. Mason's heart stopped, as no Indian war cry had ever made it. With trembling fingers he opened the missive.

"Master Robert Mason," the message ran, "It did not become a maiden to show that she knew and sympathized with thy feelings when thou wert here. But I cannot let thee go doubting me, Robert. There was no other way of telling thee. God will that thou findest this. Faith Kenyon."

With a whoop of joy, Mason dashed into the road and threw his helmet high into the air. The horrified Puritans dashed for shelter from the madman. The Captain soon realized his error and yanking down his leather jerkin, he strode down the road with as much dignity as possible, considering that the earth was executing spirals.

Mason hailed the outbreak of the Pequot War with joy.

It meant a chance of advance, and it would bring him nearer to Boston. Then came the news of the massacre. The old Kenyon, so ran the report, with a band of thirty settlers had been surprised and slaughtered. The frightened General Court of Connecticut despatched the gallant Mason with ninety men against the Pequots. At Nihanticks they were to await a commander and troop from the Bay Colony and Plymouth. But Mason pushed on. Into the wilderness went the Colonists. Ninety of them, into an unknown land, against a wary and brave foe. The friendly Indians turned back from the mad raid. The Pequots ridiculed the rumors of an invasion.

The village of the Pequots slept secure. Yet in the dead of night there came a cry, wilder, more insane with anger than any Indian War Whoop. The village was in flames. Steel clad men were pouring over the stockade, and musket fire was sweeping down the savages. Cutting and slashing, using as clubs, their ponderous match-locks, the light of burning huts shining red upon their breast-plates and helmets, the Puritans swept the defenders into a helpless, terror-stricken mob of fugitives. Mason, cap lost in the fight, dashed over the blazing stockade after a flying chief. The Indian turned, and a tomahawk crashed on the Puritan's unprotected head.

* * * * *

There was soft warm sunlight on the forest floor. To the dazed Captain came a vision of gold and pink, of bright blue eyes and a voice, half laughing with joy and relief, half broken by fear. Mason blinked, then grasped this vision in his bruised and weary arms.

C. K. Shipton, P. G.

Long Ago

"Did thee want to hear a story?" asked great-grandmother Ludwig. "Well, long, long ago when I was a little girl—" All grandmother's stories began that way. How well I remember them! These stories were an important part of the wonderful Thanksgiving Day in the country. For weeks we counted the days before we would go. Finally the great day dawned. We were called very early so we could don our very best clothes. Then about seven o'clock we were ready and out we raced to the sleigh to see who would gain the coveted place by my father's side. The rest of us piled in and wrapped up in the great buffalo rugs with our toes stretched down as far as possible to the heated bricks in the bottom.

Finally, away we went. How Bess and Bob did scamper! How the hard-packed snow creaked under the runners! How the trees raced by! It was a long three-hour journey to my grandmother's, but to us it seemed only as many minutes. Our whole thoughts were on the dinner ahead of us, almost forgetting the long church service before it. It was truly a beautiful service but to us it seemed scarcely more than a waste of time.

At last the ordeal was over and we rushed to the house or rather to the kitchen for we knew old Dinah would have something good for us.

Then we had a wonderful time in the barn, the attic, the house in the trees, everywhere children could go. Of course Tom fell out of the tree and the baby could not keep up with us but that did not mar our joy in the least. Hark! What was that?

"Chillun! Chillun! Marse To-o-om! Oh, Missy. Yoah dinnah's ready."

How we ran! In a moment we were seated at the table very quiet, while my grandfather said grace, although we could scarcely restrain our impatience. Then the silence was broken. "I want the drumstick!" "Give me some of that crisp skin." "Is the apple in the pig's mouth for me?" "Children keep still or I shall not give thee anything!" Finally a semblance of order was restored and in silence we looked at the good things on the table. The crowning glory was the turkey, crisp, brown, bursting with dressing. Then the little roast pig with its apple in its mouth! The four, big mounds of mashed potatoes! The cranberry jelly like molten rubies! The sweet potatoes fried in butter and sugar! The celery white as snow! In an amazingly short time nearly everything was gone. Last, but not least, Dinah brought in the pies, mince-meat, pumpkin, lemon, cream and apple pie. And with each enormous piece of pie came an equally enormous dish of ice-cream made with preserved strawberries.

One had only to put out one's hand to reach a cake of any kind.

After we had eaten all that we wanted, we went into the living-room and sat by the fire, roasting chestnuts and apples while great-grandmother told us stories.

As the day advanced we began to be hungry again in spite of our big dinner. Our supper was mainly of ice-cream and cake in spite of my mother's protest.

When the moon rose we started home going very slowly to enjoy the full beauty of the evening. At last we were home and almost too tired to undress and go to bed.

Nowadays, one does not have such magnificent days as those Thanksgiving Days.

E. Huthsteiner.

Helping Others to be Happy

Virginia Cole and Margaret Rice sat in their room at Rollerton College looking as if they had lost all their friends. It was the day before Thanksgiving and each girl held in her hand a letter from home telling of the gay time that was planned at home for Thanksgiving. Virginia had received two invitations to the Thanksgiving dance, and Margaret had an invitation for a party but as neither of the girls could go home, due to the shortness of the holidays, they both felt that they had great trials to endure.

The expressman had left a huge box of goodies for the girls that afternoon with everything in it, even to the turkey, but even this did not comfort the home-sick girls.

"Oh dear," sighed Virginia, "I think it mean that we have to miss all those good times. There's not one thing going on here at college."

"No," exclaimed Margaret, "I'm just as disappointed as I can be. I thought we could go home for Thanksgiving."

The girls tried to console each other when suddenly the sound of someone sobbing came from the corridor. Both girls rushed to the door and saw Mary Reade, a freshman crying softly at the end of the corridor. Mary was a poor girl who was working her way through college. She lived in the town in a little brown house about three miles from the college and wrote stories to earn college money. She was a very bright little girl but many of the girls looked down upon her because she was poor. It will have to be admitted that although Margaret and Virginia had heard often of the plucky little freshman they had not bothered to make her acquaintance, thinking themselves a little above her. Now, however, in their own misery they took a lively interest in the forlorn little girl.

"Why, what is the matter, Miss Reade?" inquired Virginia.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the sobbing girl, "I am so disappointed. I thought surely my last story would be accepted and I haven't heard a word from the publishers about it and tomorrow is Thanksgiving and I can't buy anything extra for our Thanksgiving dinner. I was planning to buy a nice big chicken and surprise Mother. You know my father is dead and it is all Mother can do to support the family. I was planning to surprise her and now I can't."

She burst forth anew and Virginia put an arm around the sobbing girl trying to comfort her, and at the same time making mysterious signs to Margaret. The vision of the huge box of goodies which the girls had hardly noticed before, rose before each girl.

"You run home and forget all about it," exclaimed Margaret, "and maybe you'll find your letter. Anyway I'm sure something will happen to make you happy."

Both girls rushed back into their room and Mary, looking after them, sighed and thought to herself that they didn't care much for her.

Slowly and sorrowfully she made her way home.

Meanwhile Margaret and Virginia had formed a conspiracy and were eagerly planning how to make Thanksgiving a happy day for Mary Reade.

Later in the afternoon they paid a visit to the little brown house and made Mrs. Reade an ally in their conspiracy. Fortunately, Mary was out so she knew nothing about the girls' visit. Then with light hearts they tripped along the main street and completed their purchases for Thanksgiving, arriving back at college just in time for supper. Quite early the next morning the two girls got up as they had a busy day ahead of them.

As soon as breakfast was over the girls set out for Mary's house laden with bundles. They knocked at the door and it was opened by a very sorrowful Mary.

"Why girls, where did you come from?" she asked in a dazed tone.

"We came over to have our dinner at your house," smilingly answered Virginia. "You see, Mary, we couldn't go home for Thanksgiving as the vacation is too short so your mother very kindly invited us over here or rather we made her invite us," laughingly continued Virginia for Mrs. Reade had just then appeared at the door.

"Come right in girls and make yourself at home," said Mrs. Reade.

Then what a bustle began in the old kitchen! Margaret and Virginia had begged Mrs. Reade on the day before to allow them to get the dinner themselves and the tired little woman had eagerly consented. So with the help of Mary who wanted to be a participant in the fun, and with the kindly advice of Mrs. Reade the girls prepared dinner.

Mary set the table while Margaret fixed the turkey and Virginia made a big chicken pie and prepared the vegetables.

When it came to eating the dinner everyone did justice to everything from the first course of tomato soup to the ice cream and plum pudding. The stuffed turkey was done to a lovely brown and the chicken pie was delicious. The plum pudding which had been sent from home was a truly wonderful dish. Mary declared that she had never eaten so much in her life, and it delighted Virginia and Margaret to see her enjoying herself so much.

After dinner Virginia announced that she had tickets for the theatre, so all four betook themselves downtown to see the play.

After the theater Margaret declared that in spite of her large dinner a bite of supper would taste good so she took them into "Ye Place of Good Eats," the manager of whom catered especially to the college girls and there they had supper.

The happiest part of the day for Mary came however after supper, when, upon going to the postoffice, she found a letter from the publishers with a check for a hundred dollars enclosed.

Tired but happy all four walked home. Mary could hardly thank the girls for what they had done for her and Mrs. Reade too, expressed her thanks and invited the girls to come after to see them.

Then Virginia and Margaret went back to the college. "Do you know," said Virginia, "I enjoyed today more than any Thanksgiving Day and it was so different too. Why, I was so busy I never even once thought of home or the dance I missed! Wasn't that strange?"

"Yes," agreed Margaret, "I never fully realized before how happy one can be in helping others to be happy."

Dorothy French

A Lost Turkey

It was Thanksgiving time. The price of turkeys was high, as it usually is at this season of the year. The question in the Brown family was whether they could afford turkey or not. There were five children, and with prices soaring and work scarce, a turkey seemed a luxury. Great was the disappointment of, the little folks when father decided that the old goose would constitute their turkey this year.

One day about a week before Thanksgiving, little Joe Brown rushed into the kitchen. His mother, who was in the next room heard a loud flapping.

"What have you there?" she called.

"Quick! Come here! See what I caught. I chased him through the lots and got him."

"Why Joe! It's a turkey. But you'll have to take him back to the owner."

"Oh! Mother, I thought we could have him for Thanksgiving. I found him."

"No, you will have to take him back, but we will keep him here until we find the owner."

Joe's brothers and sisters had gathered in the kitchen attracted by the commotion. Talking excitedly they watched the turkey.

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could keep him," exclaimed Mary, the youngest of the children.

"Yes, but we can't," said Ned, the oldest.

The turkey was put in the cage with the old goose. That night, when Mr. Brown came home he was shown the prize, and the family crowded all about trying to explain how the bird had been found.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "I'll inquire about the turkey, although I didn't think any one around here had one."

The father's search for the owner proved futile, however and the children began to hope that they might keep the turkey.

"I'll bet nobody owns him," said Joe.

"Oh, somebody must own him, Joe," said his mother.

But at the end of the second day no one had come to claim it. Joyfully the children planned how to get the turkey fattened for Thanksgiving. Many a delicate morsel he received and the old goose looked on with hungry, greedy eyes. While the turkey gorged himself day after day, the goose grew thinner and thinner. By Thanksgiving eve, the turkey was quite fat. The family had a look at him before going to bed for the night and each one smiled in anticipation of tomorrow's feast.

After everything had quieted down, the old goose said to the turkey, "Well, you'll get yours tomorrow, all right."

"What do you mean?" asked the turkey.

"Haven't you seen the turkeys going by in carts? Tomorrow your head will be off and the family will gobble you up."

"Not if I can help it," said the turkey.

Then he tried to get out of the coop. The wire was old and not fastened very tightly and the turkey was soon out and across the fields.

When the family came down next morning and found the turkey gone there was much excitement. They searched everywhere but, convinced at last that he was gone, they gave up. They decided to make the best of the situation so they cooked the goose. The goose was thin and tough but they made no complaint. After dinner they all tried to be cheerful but they were thinking of the turkey and the treat they had missed.

Late in the afternoon, Joe and his younger brother went out to play. Presently a great noise was heard in the yard. Then in came Joe and his brother lugging their old friend, the turkey.

"We saw him way off and went after him. Now we can have him after all," said Joe.

After talking it over the family decided to get the turkey good and fat and save him until Christmas.

Frank White

Thanksgiving to Two Families

The long drawn-out snowing ceased, the plaid comfortable writhed and twisted, then from the unknown depth of the blankets, the browned, thin, keen face of Jim Renshaw appeared. He lay there a few minutes, his blue eyes taking in the rough but cosy interior of his log cabin. "Thanksgiving, today!" he muttered. Glancing at his wife still sleeping beside him, he crept silently out of bed and dressed speedily in the snappy cold of the fireless room. Jim tiptoed quietly across the room to the open fireplace and stooped to touch off the fire laid the preceding evening. This done, he stretched a lanky arm and removed his long rifle and powder horn from a pair of suspended antlers. Then Jim Renshaw walked across to the slab door and out into the frosty morning.

A plump jack-rabbit sat impudently gazing at him from the wooded edge of the clearing in which his solitary cabin squatted. Jack rabbits, however, were not what Jim was out for this morning, so he struck into the woods in front of his shack. Sticks and leaves, stiff with cold, snapped and crackled beneath his feet as he pushed on towards a certain clump of black birches where he thought the bark was still edible and gnawed by mice, rabbits and deer.

A mile away in a crowded stand of green firs, a large, fat deer heaved to her feet and stood trembling a moment, eyes dilated and watchful. She lowered her head to caress her fawn, with moist nose; then walked silently towards a certain clump of black birches, the bark of which she knew was succulent and filling for a morning breakfast. Daintily she approached the thick birches, with her nostrils expanding and with her heart doing flipflops in her body, for some dim mysterious reason. She stopped, sniffed the breeze, moved five, ten, fifteen yards nearer—then a sharp crack of a gun split the air! Smoke shot from the birches and she wheeled, made a mad bound toward her distant fawn, fell, kicked, shivered, died.

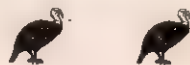
Jim Renshaw ran out of the clump of birch and cautiously approached the body. Seeing that the deer was dead, he knelt and in twenty minutes had skinned, drawn and quartered the carcass. The refuse was left on the ground, and with a light heart and a load of good, fresh venison Jim set off for home.

Reaching the clearing, a cheerful column of smoke mounting upwards from the chimney, greeted him. He entered the door, threw down his meat, whooped the good news to his wife, and together, talking, and laughing about their plans for the day, they ate a breakfast of hominy, and smoking waffles hot from the griddle.

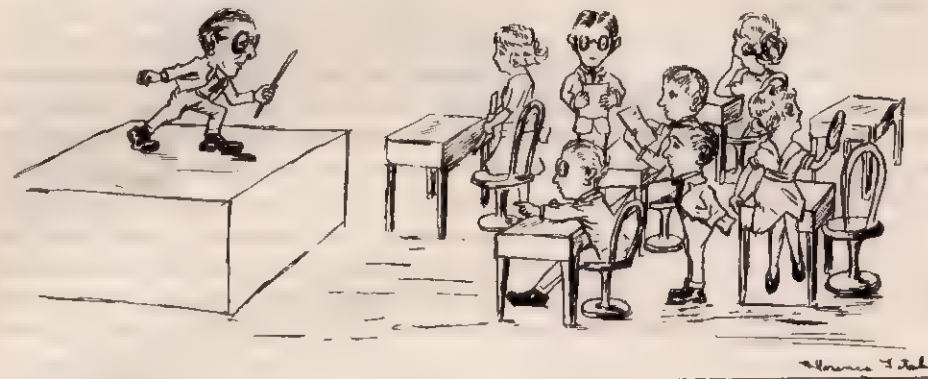
* * * * *

That night some miles away in a stand of firs, a fawn, shivering from cold, hunger, and fear, pressed closer to the damp, unresponding earth. A fierce tufted lynx with glowing, yellow eyes crept through the trees. A leap, a shriek, and a threshing followed in quick succession—and then all was still except for a subdued wrenching and crunching.

William S. Parker



STUDENT ACTIVITIES



Senior A Class Notes

The Senior A Class was reorganized on Friday, September 23, and the following officers were elected: president, Alexander Milne; vice president, Edwin Osteyee; treasurer, Helen Rohan; secretary, Carl Uhrig. The class is fortunate in retaining as class advisor Miss Day of the faculty. It will be remembered that Miss Day's sound advice and clever suggestions enabled us to enjoy a successful term as Senior B's and Junior A's. With her assistance we expect to beat even last year's record. Mr. Strout has given us permission to have a Senior Dance and a Senior Play. We hope to make both unprecedented successes, with the proper support of the school.

At the second meeting of the Class Miss Rohan was elected chairman of the Play Committee and Mr. Uhrig chairman of the Dance Committee. Miss Rohan chose to assist her the following: Mr. Milne, Miss Day, Miss Le Rose, Miss Krogman, Mr. Osteyee and Mr. Uhrig. The Dance Committee is not yet completed.

Miss Pfeiffer has kindly consented to coach the play and we might add here, that if she has as much success with our play as with the last one she coached we will be more than satisfied. We have received a few plays which are very acceptable, but until the rest come from Boston we cannot definitely decide on the matter. However, whatever play we choose will be presented sometime in December, at least two weeks prior to the Senior Dance.

The Senior A's decided that they wanted some excitement, so they got busy at once and enjoyed a Hallowe'en party as the guests of Miss Fallon, a member of the Senior A Class, Friday evening, October 28, at her Onota Lake cottage. Transportation for some was furnished by those who had cars, while the others had to be satisfied with whatever service (?) the Berkshire Street Railway Company had to offer. All arrived, however, at their destination without serious or

fatal impairment of faculties. Mr. and Mrs. William Maloney and Mr. Paul Maloney of this city chaperoned the pleasure seekers. Wilbur's Jazz Orchestra furnished the music from eight until a rather late hour and he and his joy physicians surely had the dancers hypnotized from the start. An old fashioned square dance was the feature of the "light fantastic" event, and it was pleasure to behold the joyful participants swaying gracefully about on the spacious veranda. The evening was ideal and many took advantage of the fact to enjoy the cool autumnal atmosphere, but, nevertheless, all gathered about the fireplace for the marshmallow toasting affair, over which Mr. J. P. Leahy presided. Then refreshments were served. Mr. Frank Correalle, of bakery fame, who had been delegated to provide the "sinkers," brought ten dozen which were eagerly devoured, together with sandwiches, cake, pickles, cocoa and other accessories of good appetites which go to constitute the ideal Hallowe'en lunch. About midnight the party, with melodious strains of "Goodnight Ladies" on the air of night, dissolved and groups of three betook them themselves homeward. We fear many of them reached home about "quarter of eight" or later. Everyone declared, however, that he spent a most enjoyable evening. For proof of this and other particulars see Edna May.

Read the "Student's Pen" next month for important information which we will impart to free of charge.

C. S. U., Sec'y.

With the Senior A's

Archie Morin claims that the only time he ever saw Wimp Colton "dig down" for a girl, was the time that he watched Wimp spading his sister's garden.

According to latest reports, Mrs. Bennett's sixth period class is a regular menagerie, she now has, a giraffe, an ostrich, a dog in the manger and a beautiful empty-headed fox in there.

While discussing the coming Senior play, Pat Leahy suggested that Mr. Carmody would make a good coach.

Ed. Osteyee says that the only way he can make any score while bowling is to have the pin boys leave half of the pins down.

Mr. Lucy was discussing infinity with Milne the other day and asked him how long a rope was. Alex immediately replied that it was twice as long as from the middle to one end.

Ever since "Big Brother Joe" Chapel told about girl's eyes being windows of their souls, "Red" O'Malley has been wearing her glasses all the time.

Jim Harte has stopped worrying, he says that as soon as his shoes wear out he'll be on his feet again.

Earl Stetson—quoting Shakespeare—and yet, within a month—let me not think on't—ah—ah—ah—ah—

Mr. Hayes—All right if you don't want to think about it sit down. Next.

Junior A Class Notes

It is "Sex against Sex" in the Junior A Class. The females are calling the males color blind idiots, the males are calling the females color blind—a-er-young ladies,—and all because we are not able to divide the rainbow into parts, pleasing to the eye. For the Junior Prom is at hand, and the decorating committee states that such a color as gold is not to be had, and the best substitute that they can find for Crimson is red. A sad state of affairs indeed!

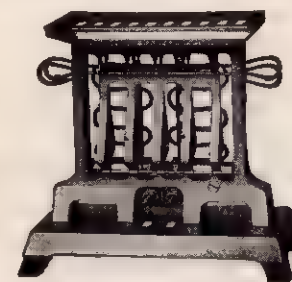
The officers are daily in fear of their lives. Lesure, the president, feels certain that Bolshevism is the inevitable outcome of it all, while Ruth Durant, the vice president, just knows that Anarchy is arising. The secretary, Eddie Hickey, expects to be assassinated for writing this article and "Pete" Hesse, she who holds the purse-strings, fears lest she be held up in the corridors.

The various committees for the Prom, which are too numerous to mention, have been appointed. So, anyone attending the Prom may expect, and will receive courteous attention from the time he enters until he leaves. In checking, refreshments, and reception, this class will exemplify the watchword of the Prom, "Courtesy."

The secretary hopes to be pardoned for his neglect to mention heretofore the name of the class advisor, Mr. Frank E. Leonard of the faculty. With such a supervisor as Mr. Leonard, the class of '23 can rest assured of its success in every undertaking.

E. J. H.

Electric



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Senior B Class Notes

Oh—No. The Senior B class has not fallen into the land of the “never come back,” on the contrary it is much alive and promises to be one of the best and liveliest classes old P. H. S. has ever had. At our first meeting the officers for the year were elected with these results:

President—Theodore Kallman

Vice President—Margaret O'Brien

Secretary—Helen Doyle

Treasurer—Clara Noble

Mr. Larkin of the faculty was elected class advisor.

Already we are getting our class rings.

And our treasury—surely we are the richest class ever and that is only because our class tax is paid so well.

We have only now just begun—Wait and expect more from us later on.

Helen M. Doyle,

Secretary

Commercial Notes

ALUMNI (Class of '21)

Frances Klein, Eaton, Crane & Pike's
 Mary MacMillan, Eaton, Crane & Pike's
 Vera Unbehend, Eaton, Crane & Pike's
 Mildred Perry, Eaton, Crane & Pike's
 Elizabeth Kirchner, England Brothers' Office
 Edna Kirchner, England Brothers' Office
 Mary O'Brien, Holden & Stone's
 Marion Sargent, Berkshire Life Insurance Company
 Henry Mendel, Cooney Plumbing
 Doris Cobb, Wallace Company
 Eva Levinson, Berkshire Pants Company
 Gertrude Halprin, Berkshire Furniture Company
 Salome Gasson, Sloper Insurance Office
 Electa Goodell, M. J. Wilmarth's Office
 Mabel Brehart, Sun Printing Company
 Elizabeth Kilian, Kilian's Cigar Shop
 Raymond Peaslee, P. G. Course at P. H. S.

Class Notes

Senior A—We have changed our play from “The Adventures of Grandpa” to a few one-act sketches.

The Senior B's have very kindly allowed us to help with the lunch counter, for which we receive one-fourth of their salary.

Senior B—We have nothing much to report except that the lunch counter is going famously. We extend an invitation to the students of P. H. S. to come over and sample our HOME-MADE PIES AND CAKES.

Junior B—The costume party held by our class November 1st, at the Municipal Hall, proved a great success. Most of the class members were present and all wore very attractive costumes. The hall was decorated in Hallowe'en fashion. Games and races were enjoyed and much amusement was caused by fortune-telling. The peanut race was won by Curtis VanBuren and the doughnut race by Anthony Mirabella. Prizes were given for the best and funniest costumes. The judges had some difficulty in deciding, but awarded the prize for the best costume to Anna Klein, and for the funniest, to James Keegan. Music was furnished by Miss Lena Isringhaus, who played the piano, and Thomas Connelly, who played the violin. Refreshments were served by a committee of class girls.

Can You Imagine

Charlotte Guerdan—without a giggle?

Elizabeth Brown SILENT?

Sadye Martin—without a question?

Chandler Andrews—without a “Cheshire cat” grin?

Weston Burbank—not asking, “How many words can I phrase?”

S. M. (looking at a diamond display)—Say, Bessie, how would you like to have your pick?

Bessie—I'd rather have a shovel.

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 Christmas Club

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 PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



Means Enough When You Need It

These are school days for you, days when you are preparing for the future—gathering a little more knowledge every day.

In looking forward to other days after you have finished school, have you ever considered the financial end of the matter?

A little money saved every week, deposited in this bank where it will earn more every day will amount to a great deal during your school years and be ready for you when you need.

Consider the amount you spend every week for pleasure and see if it isn't possible to save at least a portion of it—for your start in life

City Savings Bank of Pittsfield

North Street at Fenn Street

Morningside Branch
101 Woodlawn Avenue

Dalton Branch
Union Block



The Paper of Morris High School, New York. A decidedly business-like little newspaper.

Drury Academe of North Adams, Mass. "The Teddy Bear Sails In," by Francis Marshall, is one of the best stories we have ever seen in a school paper.

The High School Citizen of Dunkirk, N. Y. A new exchange. It is in newspaper form, and is the best one of its kind on our list.

Frank Howard



FENN,
FIRST
AND
FEDERAL
STREETS
PITTSFIELD

George L. Mack

*Watch, Clock and
Jewelry Repairing*



26 DUNHAM
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Pittsfield

ATHLETICS

Pittsfield 0—Drury 0

Pittsfield played its ancient rival, Drury on the common Saturday, October 22, to a scoreless tie. The game was the best one played by the High School up to date. Pittsfield threatened to score on Drury twice, the first attempt failing when the local boys were held on Drury's nine yard line and the second being checked by the final whistle.

Captain Graves was back in the line-up after spending two weeks at Camp Devens. His appearance put pep in the team. Steenrod and Weltman showed surprising strength against the heavy Drury line. Pittsfield looked like a different team than the one that played Dalton the Saturday before and played a better game than their opponents. Wood was hurt badly and probably will not play again this year. Graves, Steenrod and Weltman excelled for Pittsfield while Toolan was star of Drury.

Pittsfield 20—Dalton 0

After getting a late start Pittsfield registered its first victory by defeating Dalton, in Pine Grove Park, 20 to 0. The first quarter was marred by fumbles made by both teams. Dalton's fumbles were costly because they led to a touchdown. Pittsfield was aided by a Dalton fumble near their goal line. Whalen was downed on Dalton's yard line after receiving a forward pass from Leonard. Steenrod broke through the Dalton line for a touchdown and Leonard kicked the goal. Pittsfield scored again in the second quarter when Steenrod made another touchdown. This time Leonard missed the goal. Again in the last quarter Steenrod scored another touchdown and Leonard kicked the goal.

Dalton threatened Pittsfield just once during the entire game when they tried a placement kick which was blocked. Paul Depew who was playing a fine game for Dalton wrenched his neck. Steenrod, Gregory, Graves and LeBarron played a fine game for Pittsfield while A. Hoxie played best for Dalton.

Snappy Clothing for Young Men

Did it ever occur to you young fellows that I can make your clothes to order, in the extreme college styles, at as low a price as \$34.00 for a suit or overcoat. Try me.

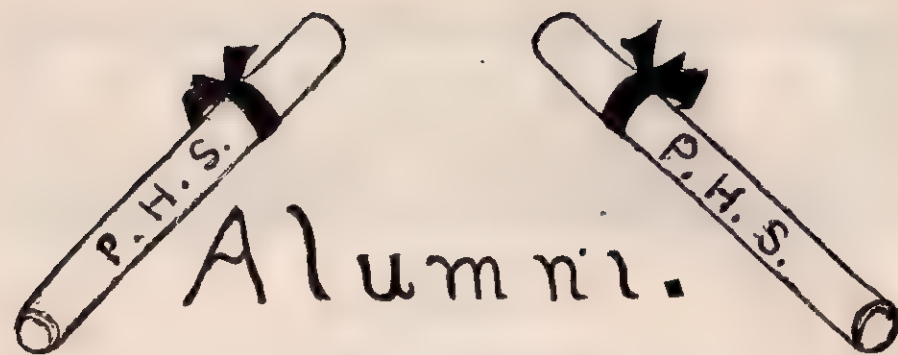
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Norman C. Hull





Alumni—

Miss Mildred E. Clark, a graduate of Pittsfield High School in the class of 1920, has been pledged to the Sigma Kappa Sorority at Middlebury College. She is a member of the class of 1925.

Dorothy Leonard, '21 has taken a position with the Rice Silk Company of this city.

Hugo F. Bornak, '21, died July 7, 1921.

The class of '21, may boast of having one of the largest Post-Graduate classes in some time. The following are now taking P. G. courses at P. H. S. Bruce Humphreville, "Sticky" Jacobs, Catherine Merrill, Clifford Shipton, Raymond Peaslee, Caroline Hodges, Margaret Marsh, Thelma Welmarth, and Clarence Wheeler.

Roland Barnfather, '21, is at Dartmouth.

Clifford Heather, '21, is now playing nights at the Casino.

Hubert Shepardson '20, is a candidate for the orchestra at Harvard.

Kenneth Wiley, '19, is attending Boston University.

Clark Harding, '19, is studying at Williams.

"Tommy" Killian and George Conway, '21, are at M. I. T.

Esther Stodden and Beatrice Rowan, '21, are attending the Berkshire Business College.

Janet Burt, '21, is working at the Eagle Office.

John Power, '19, has resumed his studies at Fordham.

"Bob Kenyon, '21, is studying at Cornell, where he will be joined in February, 1922, by Donald Ferris, president of '21, and in September by Wint Patnode, '21.

Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Established 1835

Marian White, '21, is attending Wellesley.

Anna Hynes, '21, is studying at Westfield Normal School.

Charlotte Clifford and "Betty" Harder, '21, are attending the Beechwood School at Jenkintown, Penn.

Frances Fowler, '21 was nominated for president of the Freshman class at Simmon.

Irene Messier, '21, is captain of the Basketball team at North Adams.

George Kittredge, '19, has resumed his studies in the University of Penn.

Harris Hall, '21, and Bill Cole, '21, are attending St. Stephen's, where it is said "Bill" is studying to become a minister.

James Bramble, '21, is not, as previously stated, at St. Stephen's, but is going to Northeastern College in Boston.

Harvey Brownell, '21, has taken a position with Fahey's Shoe Store of this city.

Henry Barber, Bob Peck, and Ida Viale, '21, are Freshmen at Syracuse University.

Chas. DeBlois, '21, and "Pinkey" Mangan, '21, two of P. H. S.'s best athletes are at Colgate. The latter is now playing quarterback on the freshman eleven.

Florence Fitch, '21, is studying at Boston Arts College.

Evelyn Lear, '21, has a position with the General Electric Co.

Elizabeth McLaughlin, '21, is now at Sargent.

Margaret Pease, '21, is attending Mt. Holyoke.

Harry R. Burns, '21, has taken a position with the Atherton Furniture Co.

TO High School Students

We Offer the Following

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Oxford Shirts Pajamas Wool Mufflers Soft and Starched Collars

Sport Caps Underwear College Striped Ties

FOR THE GIRLS

Fancy Sport Hose, with hand embroidered clocks

Silk and Wool Scarfs

Let Us Help You with Your Christmas Gift Problems

THE CHATHAM SHIRT SHOP



Ye Poll Parrot

Lill—I hear there's a new game called "Put and Take."

Ella—Oh, that's an old one! Every day I put my money in my pocket and the lunch counter takes it out.

Father (to Son's Math Professor)—I am glad to meet you, Professor. I believe my son took geometry from you last year.

Professor—My dear sir, your son was exposed to geometry last year, but, I am sorry to say, he did not take it.

The Office of Service

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THE BON-TON

33-35 NORTH ST. :: PITTSFIELD

One of a chain of 84 department stores located in industrial centers
from Maine to California.

Freshman—"Say Dad, what keeps the people from falling off the earth when we are upside down?"

Father—"Why the law of gravity, of course."

Freshman—"Well, but how did the people stick on before the law was passed?" *Awagawn.*

Drury opponent during football game:
"Hang it! You've mussed my hair."

Correale—"Have you got any mail for me?"

Postman—"What's your name?"

Correale—"You'll find it on the envelope."

E. Oystee—"Were you out after dark last night?"

A. Milne—"No, after Evelyn."

Mr. Knight—"Many changes in your apartment this year?"

Mr. Leonard—"Rather! Two pianolas and five phonographs moved out!"
—*Life.*

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We have everything
for the game



Belden's

277 North St. Pittsfield, Mass.

J. A. Goulet & Son

*Clothiers and
Haberdashers*



305 North St. Opp. Melville St.

H. Rohan—"What beautiful flowers. There's still a little dew on them, isn't there?"

A. Morin (blushing furiously)—"Yes, but I'll pay it before long."

A. LeR (coyly)—"Alex, you have such affectionate eyes."

Alex (thrilled)—"Dearest, do you really mean it?"

A. LeR (bored)—"Yes, they're always looking at each other."

Pat Leahy—"So you just came back from your vacation?"

Wasson—"Yes."

Pat Leahy—"Do you feel any change?"

Wasson (with hands in pocket)—"No, not a cent left."

A. LeR—"I see you have a new riding habit."

A. Cheyne—"Oh, you mean with the Senior who has that new Hudson?"

H. Desmond—"Girls are prettier than men."

Annie C.—"Naturally."

Harry—"No, artificially."

Kay Learned—"What are you carrying speedometers around for?"

Kay Volin—"No speeding through the corridors you know."

Atherton Furniture Company

A Good Place to Trade D. J. SHAW, Mgr. Quality Furniture

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Miss Jordan (who has just been interrupted to Miss Bridges at map)—"Let's see, where were we? Oh, yes! Up in the Alps."

Lorraine Krogman (coolly, to freshman who has just picked up her handkerchief)—"Thank you. But if I should happen to drop it again, please don't bother. It wasn't you I meant."—*Penn State Froth*.

Pat Malloy—"Say, Mr. Carmody, how long could I live without brains?"

Mr. Carmody—"Well, that remains to be seen."—*Burr*.

A. LeR—"I nearly broke my neck typewriting today."

Annie C. (innocently)—"Do you typewrite with your neck?"

Junior—"I don't see how that freshman can keep that little cap on his head."

Senior—"Vacuum pressure."—*Drexferd*.

Soldier—"I suppose you've heard of TNT."

Grocery Clerk—"No, we only keep Ceylon and Oolong."—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern*.

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We have ever had



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Eastern Proverbs

1. Pull the ear, the head follows.
2. There are two good men; one dead, the other unborn.
3. It is little use to hammer cold iron.
4. He that will not when he can, cannot always when he will.
5. The higher the rise the harder the fall.
6. One story is good till another is told.

In The Union Drug

A certain drug store advertised a patent concoction thus—"No more colds—No more coughs—sure cure."

Miss Day immediately purchased a bottle of the wonderful "medicine." After drinking the bottle, she went back complaining that she was no better.

"Drank it all," exclaimed Ed Oystee, "Why, Miss Day, it was a solution to put on the soles of your shoes to keep 'em dry."

Moritz went a touring in his brand new flivver
Top and wind shield down! How that boat did quiver.
Ruthie in the back seat was tickled mad with glee,
But then, Freddie hit a bump, and came home quite "ruthlessly."

"Shark" Uhrig claims that he's going to get a new hat next year.

Alex. W. Milne, Feb. '22.

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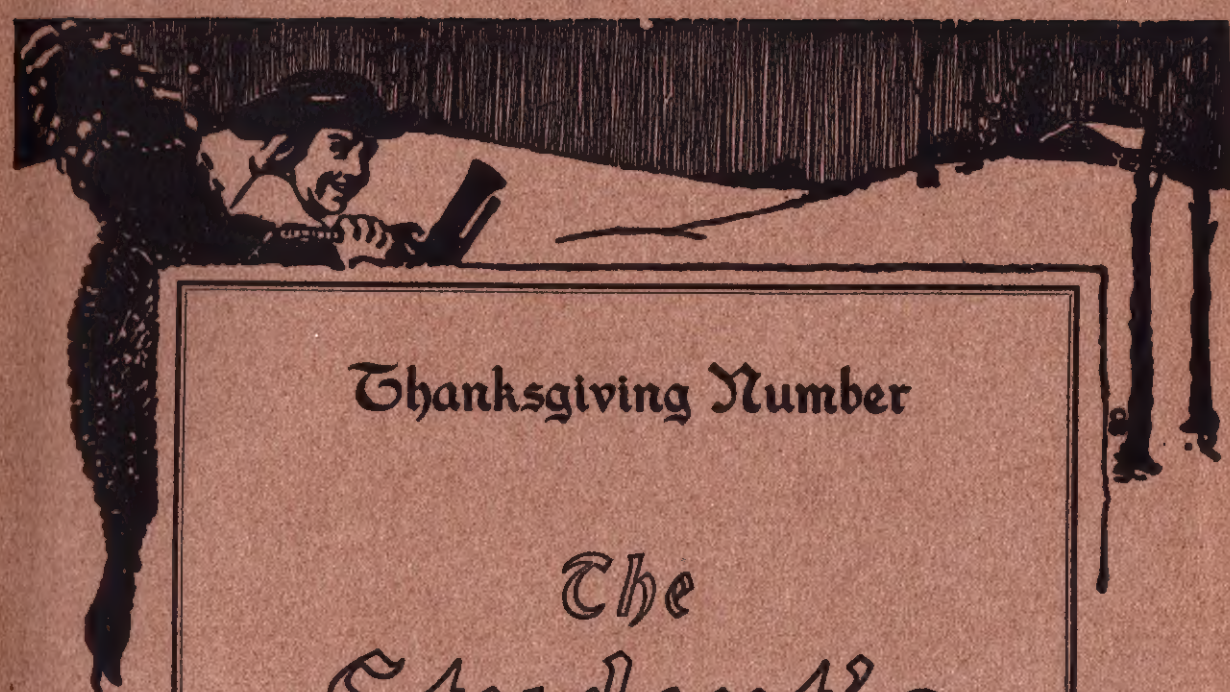
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NOVEMBER



Nineteen Twenty-One